

PR
4739
H53A17
1809
v.2

A
A
0
0
0
0
0
8
1
7
0
6
4

A standard 1D barcode with vertical black bars of varying widths on a white background, corresponding to the numbers listed to its left.

nia



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

much of the material
is such as to
be such



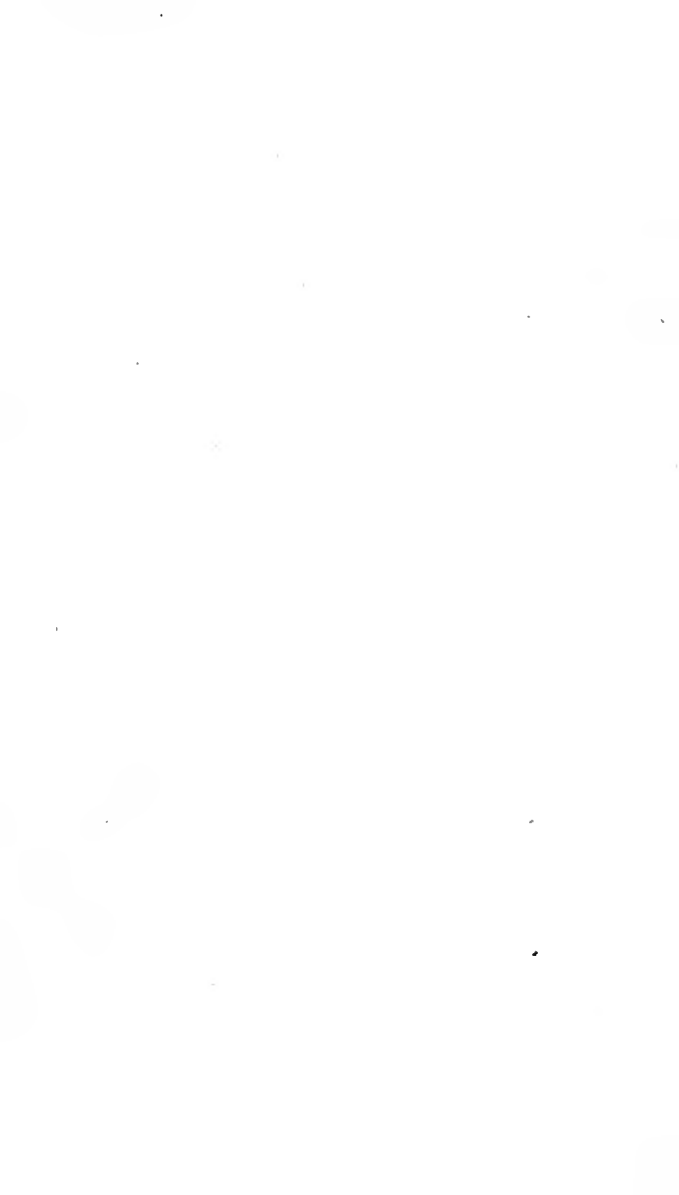
William Lusk Esq^r
from the Author

SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Lake, Printer, Uxbridge.



Sonnets

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MARTHA HANSON.

The partial Muse has from my earliest hours
Smiled on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head:
But far, far happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art;
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart.

Charlotte Smith.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.




London :

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, POULTRY ;

AND

T. LAKE, UXBRIDGE.

1809.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

PR
4739
H53A17
1809
V.2

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Why is that Magick Harp in silence laid,
Where Charlotte's hand such heav'nly warbling
made?
Why does its melting cadence sound no more,
While Taste and Feeling, lays responsive pour?
But thrown, no longer tuneful, on the ground,
Though still its strings, with rosy wreaths, are bound,
Why do the prostrate Muses o'er it mourn,
And as they scatter, o'er yond' recent urn,
The fairest florets of the blooming year,
Begem each fragrant blossom, with a tear,

A

896165

Twining (dark Winter's gloom with sprightly May)
 Death's mournful Cypress with the Poet's Bay !
 Alas ! the scene of woe, itself explains,
 And tells us, why have ceas'd the harp's wild strains :
 Cold are those lips on which persuasion hung,
 Silent, the tuneful accents of that tongue
 Skilful, a balm to suff'ring, to impart,
 And sooth the anguish'd wound of Mis'ry's dart ;
 And, lifeless now, those hands which wak'd the Lyre
 To strains, which bade the soul to Heav'n aspire,
 And as they taught, pale Sorrow's lays to flow,
 Sooth'd, while they touch'd, the trembling strings of
 woe.

Alas ! that fine form'd spirit now is fled,
 That strew'd fair flow'rs, on Misery's cold bed,

Which, mid the blighting blasts of Life's wild storm,
 Her fost'ring care had rear'd, untouch'd by harm,
 Which, as they sought her kindness to repay,
 Scatter'd rich fragrance o'er her thorny way ;
 Strew'd the hard couch, which Poverty supplied,
 With all their silken blossoms' brilliant pride ;
 And as her suff'ring angel form was laid
 Upon the flinty bed, which Want had made,
 The balmy gale of sweets which round her rose,
 Seem'd, as it strove, to fan her to repose,
 While each fair flow'r, spontaneous o'er her twin'd,
 Its richest scents, and brightest hues combin'd,
 A chaplet worthy of her brows to form,
 Feeling herself might wear, nor find one Thorn ;

Alas! her graceful brows the wreath might bear
 Unharm'd, for Mis'ry's thorn was Aim'd, Not There,
 Deep, in her Heart, its sheath, the dart had found,
 And Time, by probing, deepen'd still the wound :
 Anguish, who oft scares Reason by her moan,
 And places Madness on the vacant throne,
 Gave not such bless'd oblivion of her woes
 As Phrensy o'er the wretched suff'rer throws :
 She, lov'd to listen, to her tuneful strain,
 Nor touch'd, one tender fibre of her brain,
 Lest the sweet Chantress, skilful to beguile
 Her woes, and rob her Mis'ry of a smile,
 Should cease to sing, e'er Life's short dream was o'er,
 And warble tuneful, to her Lyre no more ;
 And (cruelty refin'd) with treach'rous dart,
 Stroke, after stroke, repeated to her heart,

And if perchance, Fame's hand, a gayer flow'r,
 Threw on her path, to cheer one gloomy hour,
 Of added strokes, its bud, conceal'd the aim,
 That ever wounded, she might still complain :
 Yet tortur'd thus, the sweet Enchantress sung,
 And Truth's pure accents trembled on her tongue.
 Alas! sweet Poetess! whose tuneful lays
 Caught my charm'd ear, in childhood's sunny days,
 (When rich with fragrance, Expectation's rose,
 On Infancy's unsullied bosom, blows,
 Ere yet the Star of Hope, Grief-dimm'd, had set,
 Or Pleasure's cheek, by Sorrow's tear been wet;)
 In my young bosom kindled Rapture's fire,
 And taught my infant hands, to strike the Lyre;

While, as they stray'd the sounding chords among,
 In all the wildness of untutor'd song,
 Wrapt Admiration of thy charming strain,
 Kindled the sparks of Emulation's flame,
 Needs not to say, in vain I strove to sing
 Like thee, 'or with thy pow'r to wake the string;
 I knew not then, the charm thy lays possess'd,
 I only felt, their empire o'er my breast,
 And fancy'd, since thy numbers flow'd with ease,
 I too might scribble, and like thee might please,
 Thou, who so often on Life's rugged way,
 Hast felt the wounding thorns, which lurking lay,
 Whose tender bosom has been doom'd to feel,
 Wounds, which no Skill could Cure, no Time could
 Heal;

Whose strains, alas! could Others' woes disarm,
 And only thine own suff'rings fail'd to charm;
 Since first, by thee, fair Poesy beguiled
 My steps, to wander o'er her flow'ry wild,
 And to amuse my Childhood's Idle Hours,
 Allow'd to pluck th' Uncultur'd Daisy's flow'rs,
 (That scatter'd 'mid those favour'd blossoms grew,
 Which, all around, rich gales of fragrance threw,
 And when their planter slumbers in the grave,
 Shall to Eternity his mem'ry save,)

With the Wild Buds, a Fairy Band to form,
 And with the Simple Wreath my Lyre adorn:
 Accept the tribute which my song would pay,
 Though rude the numbers, unadorn'd the lay,
 The heart that dictates, for thy woes can feel,
 And had soft Sympathy the pow'r to heal,

A Sister's Pitying Sympathy, had cured
 The griefs thy gentle Spirit here endured :
 For though the magick of thy tuneful strain,
 Never my humble powers shall attain,
 Affliction's hand has ratified the claim,
 That dares to greet thee with a Sister's name.
 Yet wherefore scenes of woe, like these recall,
 When Death, with kindly hand, has chased them all?
 And to thy form, so long with grief oppress'd,
 Giv'n, in the Silent Tomb, a bed of rest.
 Bright Star of Genius! and shall we no more,
 Led by thy voice, on Fancy's pinions soar,
 To spheres more tranquil, by thy pencil drawn,
 Where after Life's long gloomy night, shall dawn
 Eternity's Bless'd Star, and rest be giv'n,
 To all our Griefs, (" though Lost on Earth") In Heav'n.

Oh if the bless'd departed souls can know
 What passes in this trying scene below,
 And from the Glorious Presence of their God,
 From Seats Celestial, view their late abode ;
 If happy spirits joy to view the tear
 Remembrance sheds, on Friendship's Hallow'd Bier;
 Or if departed Genius pleas'd surveys,
 Some kindred spirit to his mem'ry raise,
 The votive tablet, where fresh springing Bays
 Form Lasting Wreaths, round Admiration's Lays ;
 Accept Bless'd Shade ! the tributary lay,
 Which humble Admiration seeks to pay ;
 Nor deem, insensate to thy Worth, till Death
 Snatch'd the rich treasure of thy tuneful breath,
 I heedless flaunted on Life's crowded way,
 Nor sought Affliction's lone retreat, to pay

The firstling numbers of my untaught Lyre,
 To her, whose lays first kindled Fancy's fire;
 And lay my Daisy Garland, at her feet,
 Whose Matchless Chaplet boasts each rarest sweet :
 Deem not that envy of thy pow'rs, till fled,
 Forbade to bind, with simple flow'rs, thy head;
 Or, that to expiate the fault, my verse
 Now flows in mournful numbers o'er thy hearse :
 Long ere thy spirit sought its Native Sky,
 Those humble wreaths, doom'd ne'er to meet thine
 eye,
 For thee I form'd (Art's Cultur'd Flow'rs deny'd)
 Of such wild blooms, as scanty pow'rs supply'd;
 Still fondly hoping, at some future time,
 To form a lay more meet, to honour thine ;

Still fondly hoping, on Life's devious way,
Mine eyes might once thine honour'd form survey ;
When I might mingle with thy Deathless Bays,
The humble off'ring of my meed of praise.
But ah ! unfaithful Hope, no more appears
To crown my wishes, but all bath'd in tears,
Incessant watches, o'er thy tomb to mourn,
Strewing her fading florets o'er thy urn.
Though the rich music of thy tuneful notes,
No more, on Ev'ning's gale, melodious floats ;
And though Eternal Silence spreads her wings,
Where late, thy fingers tuneful made the strings ;
'Till Genius, Fame, and Poetry expire,
Shall Adoration consecrate the Lyre :
Yet trembling Charlotte, with that Matchless Strain,
Which Mortal, save Thyself, must ne'er attain ;

And (silent now its tuneless strings) be found,
 By Fame, with Everlasting Roses, crown'd;
 While Poesy's fair flow'rs, rear'd by thy care,
 Shall hang a Sweet Self-woven Chaplet there;
 Faithful, to Latest Time, their charms display,
 As o'er the Earth, they strew'd thy dreary way,
 And, till the ling'ring sparks of Life were fled,
 Their fragrant balm, upon thy temples shed;
 By Death unaw'd, shall Flourish o'er thy Tomb,
 Rich in the gift of Everlasting Bloom.

And for the Stranger, who laments thy woes,
 And o'er thy urn, this wreath of wild buds, throws,
 Who in thy Suff'rings Past foretells Her Own,
 Who wand'ring o'er Life's dreary heath Alone,
 Sees clouds of woe, from ev'ry quarter rise,
 Ride on the blasts, and darken all the skies;

To whom, malignant Fate refused the claim,
Thy Friendship might have giv'n her Lays to Fame;
She humbly trusting in His might, whose pow'r
Sustain'd thy spirit in each trying hour,
Her bark from wreck, on Life's rough sea, to save,
Looks to those Realms of Peace, Beyond the Grave,
Where thou hast steer'd thy shatter'd bark before,
And laid it safely on the tranquil shore;
Still hopes in Thee (Life's dang'rous Voyage past,
And the much wish'd-for haven, gain'd at last)
Though long the sport of ev'ry tempest driv'n,
Stranger on Earth, to greet a Friend in Heav'n.

STANZAS,

TO MRS. O'D----LL.

Though former pleasures can return no more,
 They on the tablet of the Mem'ry live,
 Her pow'rs, departed joys to view restore,
 And to each scene, the hues of Nature give ;

And still her magick mirror shall display
 Thy various kindness, to a stranger shewn ;
 While Gratitude the record shall survey,
 And pleas'd, her debt to fair O'D----ll own,

As when some Master's hand has waked the string
Of the wild Harp, to notes of heav'nly flame,
The trembling wires, with sweet vibrations, ring,
And, though the touch has ceas'd, prolong the
strain;

So Mem'ry fondly will to life awake
The hours thy kindness bade so swift depart;
So, to her touch, will long vibrations make,
Each warmest feeling of a Grateful Heart.

STANZAS,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ---- -----.

Fair is the costly Diamond's blaze,
And bright the Ruby's blushing hue,
The yellow Topaz too, displays
A colour pleasing to the view:

But what are these? Oh brighter far
Than all the gems in India's mines,
Is the mild radiance of the Star,
On gentle Emma's breast that shines.

The jewel'd wealth, which greets the day,
 On India's rich, but sun-scorch'd shore,
 May glare awhile, with Meteor ray,
 On Fashion's zone, then charms no more.

Virtue enshrin'd within thy heart,
 Her richer store of gems has giv'n,
 To which each hour shall charms impart,
 'Till they shall shine in yonder Heav'n.

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF A MUCH ESTEEMED
FRIEND.

Go, spotless Honour! go, unblemish'd Truth!

To the bright regions of Eternal Day ;

Where, on thy temples, smiles unfading youth,

Nor fears, the fell Destroyer Time's, decay.

Where in the realms of endless bliss above,

Thy spirit dwells upon its Maker's breast,

And, in the richness of a Saviour's love,

Thy earthly virtues find their wish'd for rest.

And while, with awe, I tread this sacred dome,
 Where, cold in Death, thy hallow'd ashes lie,
 Dear sainted Shade forgive! if o'er thy tomb,
 From my wrung bosom, bursts th' unheeded sigh.

And, ah forgive me! if a tender tear
 Steals from mine eye, to dew thy marble urn;
 I grieve not, that in yonder happy sphere,
 Thy gentle Virtues never more shall mourn:

Ah no! while weeping o'er thy tomb I bend,
 I mourn the sorrows thou wast doom'd to know,
 While yet on Earth; Oh, my lamented friend!
 How does th' idea wring my heart with woe.

While 'gainst th' assassin of thy peace I rave,
Who strew'd with thorns thy way thro' Life's dark
scene;

Fair Hope, descending, hovers o'er thy grave,
And points, with radiant hand, yon blue serene;

And gently wiping from my tearful eyes,
The drops which filial fondness bade to flow,
Ah, hapless mourner! cease thy plaints, she cries,
Thy Friend, no longer, pain or grief, can know.

I feel the charming influence of her strain,
Calm the wild anguish of my throbbing breast,
While Resignation, from th' ethereal plain,
Descends, to give my grief-worn spirit rest.

Oh! my lost Friend, to weep thy suff'ring worth

Fled to the skies, were arrogance indeed;

It were to mourn, thy sorrows here on Earth,

Had met reward; or, "Virtue had its meed."

Thy firm integrity, thy heart benign,

Where Friendship's flame glow'd with its pure
fire,

Shall still, on Mem'ry's faithful records, shine,

And Emulation of thy worth inspire.

And if thy bosom, Pity's sacred shrine,

Regards its youthful friend, from yon bright
spheres;

While o'er thy hallow'd urn, a wreath I twine,

Moist with Affection's Consecrated Tears;

By that soft Pity, be those tears forgiv'n,
While trac'd in characters untaught by Art,
Each gentle Virtue, fled with thee to Heav'n,
Dwells on the tablet of my Grateful Heart.

STANZAS,

ON THE PROSPECT OF QUITTING —

Ah! ye lov'd scenes! bright with the glow of morn-
ing,

Soon shall these eyes behold your charms no more,
But ev'ry scene, with Nature's hues adorning,
Mem'ry shall kindly paint my native shore.

And when my feet, o'er stranger lands, are ranging,
Remembrance, o'er your beauties lost, shall weep,
And with a heart incapable of changing,
Shall visit each wild dell, and frowning steep.

And fond Regret, each pleasure fled reviewing,
 Her bosom rent with anguish at the view,
 My faded cheek, with floods of grief, bedewing,
 Shall sorr'wing whisper, " these are lost to you ;

" No more, thy footsteps, at the dawn of Morning,
 " With gay delight, the airy hill shall climb ;
 " When beauteous Spring, its side, with Flow'rs
 adorning,
 " Has o'er the green turf, scatter'd purple thyme."

" When on the main, the Orb of Day reposes,
 " And gilds the waters, with his parting ray,
 " When ' Ev'ning's eye looks tearful as it closes,'
 " O'er these lov'd scenes, no more thy steps shall
 stray."

Alas! my heart, which wildly throbs with anguish,

Receives the presage with a rending sigh,

On foreign shores condemn'd in life to languish,

Far from their home, my cold remains shall lie.

The siren Hope, whose smiles are still deceiving,

Whose flow'ry wreaths conceal the treach'rous
snare,

(When pleasure flies) my grief-worn bosom leaving,

Resigns her seat, to Sorrow and Despair.

Compell'd, with Mis'ry, o'er the world to wander,

And haggard Poverty, and racking Pain,

How oft shall weeping Mem'ry fondly ponder,

On scenes, these eyes must never view again!

Alas! condemn'd by ruthless Fate, to sever

From the wild beauties of this much lov'd shore,
Reflection tells me, with a sigh, that never

My feet shall press their native mountains more.

When to yon vast, and ever varying Ocean,

I pour the tribute of a last adieu,

Ah! will this heart support the strong emotion,

Nor breaking, prove its fondness but too true.

The sons of Mis'ry, who with Sorrow languish,

Within the grave, in silent peace repose;

But long this breast must heave, with smother'd an-
guish,

Long must this heart be torn with countless woes.

Ah! happy scenes! my heart of joy bereaving,

Too cruel! Destiny my course pursues,

And while I sigh my fav'rite haunts at leaving,

The tear of Grief, my pallid cheek, bedews.

And when kind Death, my grief-worn soul releases,

Ye lovely scenes! gemm'd with Morn's brightest
dew,

'Till my sad heart, its anguish'd throbbing ceases,

Its tend'rest feeling shall awake for you.

STANZAS.

How slow that knell, with awe inspiring sound,
On the light gale of Eve, impressive steals!
Each deep vibration, and each pause profound,
As if it call'd me hence, my spirit feels.

Alas! my breast by bitter anguish torn,
The fiend Impatience prompts to seek the grave;
Where endless sleep succeeds Life's ruthless storm,
And Sorrow's howling tempests cease to rave.

But, as around, I cast my frantick gaze,
 And view the glowing splendours of the west;
 Where Sol departing, with his dazzling blaze,
 In streams of gold, has Heav'n's blue concave
 dress'd :

Which, as he radiant from the sky retires,
 Give brilliant promise of the coming day,
 When his bright orb, with undiminish'd fires,
 Shall crown Morn's blooming brows with golden
 ray ;

Reason (who trembling fled the fiend Despair.)
 Once more resumes her empire o'er my brain;
 Mine eyes no more with frantick wildness glare,
 No longer Fever racks each tortur'd vein ;

But fair Religion, gleaming thro' the cloud,
 Her soothing balm diffuses o'er my mind;
 Tears from my sense dark Error's misty shroud,
 And bids me bear the load of Life resign'd.

" Will suicide, she whispers, be forgiv'n ?
 " Rash, impious wretch ! forbear; nor vainly brave
 " The direful vengeance of offended Heav'n,
 " By plunging, a self-murd'rer, to thy grave.

" Behold that orb, now resting on the main ;
 " Though clouds obscure him, at to-morrow's morn
 " To-morrow's noon, his fire may bless again,
 " And Ev'ning's sky, his soften'd rays adorn.

“ Though clouds and storms, thy morn of Life o’er-
cast,

“ Let thy worn spirit fearless trust in Heav’n ;

“ A sweet reward shall crown thy toils at last ;

“ To prove, not sink, thy courage, they are giv’n :

“ In that same orb, behold an emblem bright

“ Of thine own Soul ; which like the sun shall rise

“ From Death’s dark realm ; too brilliant for our sight,

“ Clad in Eternal Splendour in the Skies.

THE COMPARISON.

ODE TO MY SISTER.

The Mountain Thistle, and the Rose,
That in the Hot-house blooms,
And all around its shelter throws,
Its fragrant soft perfumes;

With as much sense, may be compar'd,
As mine, with Anna's charms;
She is the Rose, for whom is fear'd
Chill Winter's dire alarms;

I am the Thistle, whose rude form
 No eye of Taste surveys,
 While near it, blooming as the Morn,
 The Rose her charms displays.

But, lovely Rose! thou too must fade,
 When Summer's Suns decline;
 Though in the Garden's verdant shade,
 No hue so fair as thine.

Then shall the Thistle bear the storm
 Of Autumn's chilling blast,
 And rude at first, its stubborn form
 Can be, but rude at last.

And let me add this moral too,
In brightest charms array'd,
And moist with morning's balmy dew,
The fairest flow'rs must fade.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HORATIO VISCOUNT
NELSON.

While Gallia's hostile sons insulting boast,
That by their arms the gallant Nelson fell;
Britannia mourns her godlike Hero lost,
Whose actions Fame through ev'ry clime shall tell.

From ev'ry Briton's eye, the gushing tear
To Gratitude, and fond Affection due,
Falls, as their great Commander's sable bier,
Cover'd with Laurel's verdant wreaths they view.

The solemn dirge, the white rob'd youths rehearse;

The mourners moving in procession slow;

While weeping Sorrow pours her plaintive verse;

Bid ev'ry heaving bosom beat with woe.

Though Britain's tears her Nelson's corse adorn,

Though now she yields to unavailing grief;

Think not Affliction can her anguish calm,

No;---she shall soon avenge her murder'd chief.

Then ye! who mourn the gallant Hero's doom,

Restrain your griefs; for Deathless is his name;

Though Fate, alas! consigns him to the tomb,

He still shall live, upon the rolls of Fame.

And ye ! who triumph in the bloody deed,
 By which, with glory cover'd, Nelson fell,
 (To gain such glory ye would gladly bleed,
 Had ye the bravery to fight as well;)

Suppress your taunts; nor be with pride elate;
 Know Britain's Hero fought prepar'd to die;
 And the rude ball, which reft his thread of fate,
 But op'd the passage to his native sky.

He saw his country conquer; Vict'ry's arm
 Sustain'd the fainting Hero on her breast;
 Her voice still own'd its magick pow'r to charm,
 And like an Angel's, sooth'd his soul to rest.

Around his brow, her everlasting crown,
Gemm'd with a Nation's tears, bright Honour wove;
While Spotless Glory, and Unstain'd Renown,
Bore him from Death's cold arms, to realms above.

STANZAS,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE -----,

ON HIS BEING

ELECTED TO REPRESENT THE BOROUGH OF -----,

Go Youth Illustrious! born to grace thy line,

And 'mid contending factions firmly stand,

Go, in Britannia's Senate greatly shine,

And guard the Freedom of thy native land.

Yes, guard her Freedom, and defend her laws,

Thou on whose Worth she now for aid relies,

Dare think and act, in Freedom's sacred cause,

While on thy form are fix'd her beaming eyes:

Yes, guard her Freedom, and defend her laws,
 With manly eloquence and gen'rous zeal,
 Assert her rights, defend thy country's cause,
 And bid each heart her int'rest justly feel.

Go tread the steps of thy illustrious Sire,
 Like him, supported by thy innate Worth,
 Like him, array'd in Virtue's bright attire,
 Not honour'd by, but honouring thy birth.

Above the Little Pride of place or pow'r,
 Be all thy acts to Liberty allied,
 Long may'st thou guard her hoary time-crown'd
 tow'r,
 Her favour'd Son, the darling of her pride.

And Thou too, slighted Patriot ! * whose hand
 Has bid to bloom full many hidden flow'rs,
 Accept the tribute of a thankful land
 Which on thy head its choicest blessings show'rs.

Long shall the sons of Britain bless thy name,
 And bless the dawn of this auspicious morn,
 When led by thee, to grace the field of Fame,
 A----- appears his country to adorn.

Long may ye live, that grateful country's pride,
 (Congenial Souls ! sure for each other form'd,)
 Your arms defend her, and your councils guide,
 And long your breasts by patriot zeal be warm'd.

* Alluding to the Nobleman by whom he was presented to the
 Electors.

So while Britannia's hands, your tombs adorn,

When your freed spirits seek yon kindling skies,

Triumphant Fame, to Ages yet unborn,

Shall proudly tell, a Good Man never Dies.

TO MY SISTER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, MARCH 12, 1802, WITH A BOUQUET
OF WILD FLOWERS.

Accept, dear Anne, this sweet but simple wreath,

'Tis cull'd from Spring's fair, but scarce open'd
bloom,

Tho' humble be these florets, yet they breathe

A balmy fragrance, and a soft perfume.

Though on their Buds, the tempest's boist'rous gale

With direful rage, and bitter envy blew;

They liv'd to pour their sweetness on the gale,

And dress'd in modest merit, shine like you,

Though no false heats, or artificial rains,

Here bid th' exotick ope its golden bloom,

These flow'rs, th' uncultur'd children of the plains,

Scent ev'ry Zephyr with their soft perfume.

What blooms more beauteous than the Primrose pale?

What droops more lovely than the Harebell blue?

Or breathes a sweeter essence on the gale,

Than the chaste vi'let, moist with morning dew?

Or Snow-drop, bending o'er some village tomb,

Where winds the riv'let's sadly murm'ring wave.

And oft at midnight's hour, beneath her gloom,

The Fairies dance around the sacred grave?

Within some shelter'd vale, or woodland drear,
 Where yet, to seek her bloom, no steps e'er stray'd,
 On the green margin of some streamlet clear,
 The Lily blooms in silv'ry light array'd.

But soon shall Winter's sharp and chilling gale
 Bid all those blooming florets droop and fade,
 His piercing winds shall desolate the vale,
 And hoary frost shall whiten ev'ry glade.

Morn then shall ope her golden gates in vain,
 No op'ning fragrance waits to hail the dawn,
 Till Spring shall dress these dreary plains again,
 And fringe, with new-born sweets, the shrubby lawn.

The stream, which now so softly murm'ring, flows,
Congeal'd by frost, shall soon forget to glide ;
Or swoln by torrents form'd of melting snows,
Will inundate the Meadows on its side.

But when fair Spring, with gentle step returns,
Again its waves shall wash the fertile shore,
And youthful Naiads, from their bounteous urns,
Shall pour a limpid, and exhaustless store.

Each floret, that with smiling mien she strews,
Nurs'd by her hand, shall soon in beauty rise,
And her fair fingers, moist with humid dews,
Paint their soft blossoms with unnumber'd dyes.

Such is this world ; a scene of care and woe,

In Infancy each Flow'r puts forth its bloom,

But when once faded, has no second blow,

To sooth the weary wretched Pilgrim's doom.

But Anna firmly bear the storms of Fate,

Soon will this troublous dreary vale be past,

Heav'n will unbar its Everlasting Gate,

And grant poor sorr'wing Wand'ers rest at last.

The Flow'r of Happiness there blooms more sweet,

There Peace, to all who seek her, shall be giv'n ;

Look forward then, towards her sacred seat,

The white rob'd Cherub, dwells serene in Heav'n.

SONG.

Now the Moon's soft light is streaming
O'er the Ocean's azure breast,
Twilight's parting tints are gleaming,
Faintly o'er the blushing west.

Sighing, sad in lonely sorrow,
Strays yon Maid along the shore,
Ah! she cries for me to-morrow,
Ne'er shall wake to Pleasure more.

I in Grief, forsaken, languish,
 Lonely on the moonlight shore,
 My heart, the prey of deepest anguish,
 Loves the water's moaning roar.

Once, fair Orb! thy lustre shining,
 Shew'd my childhood's happy way;
 O'er the western wave declining,
 In sorrow, now, I watch thy ray.

Weeping eyes, ah close for ever!
 In the silence of the grave,
 Reason tells me, Hope shall never,
 Again her pinions, o'er me wave.

Nought from Night's cold blast defending,

Long she linger'd near the wave;

Now high grass, in pity bending,

Whispers o'er her Early Grave.

SONG.

Softly blow, sweet gale of Even,

On this Mountain's heath clad height,
Where my lonely footsteps wander,

Ere these scenes are calm'd by Night.

Slow, the Sun's last rays are fading,

From yon blue hill's distant steep ;-----
Nature sinks, to seek refreshment,

On the downy breast of sleep.

Ah me! with what heartfelt pleasure,
Do I trace these scenes once more,
For to Grief was I a stranger,
Till I left my native shore.

In yon dell sequester'd, quiet,
Stands my cot, now doubly dear ;
No dark Furies e'er molest it,
Guilt, nor Avarice, nor Fear ;

But in this lone humble dwelling,
Peace has fix'd her calm retreat,
Far to pomp, and courtly splendour,
She prefers this lonely seat.

Oft she climbs the neighb'ring mountain,
Culling thence, each sweet wild flow'r,
And with curious care, transplants them,
To my low Cot's humble bow'r.

The Red-breast pipes his farewell ditty,
In the shade her hand has wove,
And the Martin, soft and plaintive,
Sings in yonder woodbine grove;

Close beside a crystal fountain,
Murmurs thro' a cavern'd grot,
Responsive as Contentment whispers,
"Peace dwells in this lowly Cot."

SONG.

Soft is the balm which early Spring
Lends Ev'ning's breathing gale,
While Zephyr loads his viewless wing,
With sweets from ev'ry vale.

But sweeter than returning Spring,
Or blushing Ev'ning's dewy calm,
Or essence borne on Zephyr's wing,
Is faithful Friendship's soothing balm.

For Spring's gay tints, and blossom'd bow'rs,
Can nought of peace impart,
Or Zephyr playing 'mid her flow'rs,
To calm an anguish'd heart;

While oft, as Friendship's tears shall flow,
On pale Affliction's wounded breast,
Sooth'd and reliev'd, the child of woe,
Sinks, softly, to eternal rest.

SONG.

On a sun-gilt cloud I sail,
At the hour of parting day,
Buoyant on Ev'ning's flutt'ring gale,
I list the Vestal's choral lay.

When the Sun his glory shrouds
Far below the western main,
I paint with various hue the clouds,
That roll majestick in his train.

When the Moon-beams softly play,
Trembling o'er old Ocean's tide,
Oft I sport beneath the ray,
Or with Hesper gaily glide.

Or, when Morning decks the sky,
Through the realms of air I go,
And unseen by mortal eye
Watch the Rainbow's vary'd glow.

OSCAR.

Why does the storm so loudly roar ?

Why foams so high the angry main ?

His bark will never reach the shore,

Or Oscar view his home again.

Can Art or Strength the tempest brave ?

Or shun the dangers of the deep ?

Oscar, too soon, will find a grave,

And leave me, wretched maid, to weep.

Ah, hapless Girl! it was for you

He left his home, to cross the main,

And bade each social joy adieu,

In the fond hope to meet again.

Ye raging storms, my Oscar spare,

In pity to Albina's tears;

She spoke; and by the lightning's glare,

At distance, Oscar's bark appears.

Struggling it seem'd, to stem the tide,

By mountain billows oft dash'd o'er,

But ah! some pitying spirit, guide

My Oscar, to this rocky shore.

The boat approach'd the lonely strand,
Albina's heart, with hope beat high,
Oscar soon press'd his native land,
And from her breast, bade sorrow fly.

SONNET I.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Birthright of Poets! all, to which they claim
 On the wide Earth, an undisputed right.
 Thou! whose dark clouds veil with the gloom of night,
 Each flatt'ring promise of a rising Fame.
 Pale Disappointment! think not that my breast,
 (Tho' gath'ring round, thy thick'ning sea of clouds,
 With murky gloom, my life's gay morning shrouds)
 Shall shrink before thy chilling frown oppress'd.
 To new exertion rous'd, my soul shall tow'r,
 With strength superiour to thy deadly hate,
 Though with industrious care, malignant Fate,
 With Grief should poison ev'ry future hour:
 And since she can't avert, shall firmly bear
 The ills ordain'd by Heav'n, a Poet's share.

SONNET II.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! how does thy soothing name
 Compose my soul, and calm my troubled breast;
 For long a stranger to thy quiet rest,
 Has been my grief-worn agitated frame.
 What countless blessings does thy presence bring;
 At thy approach the clouds of Sorrow fly;
 And hurried Passion, on disorder'd wing,
 Quits the calm precincts of thy temp'rate sky.
 All Nature owns thy harmonizing pow'r;
 It breathes fresh fragrance in the morning gale,
 Softens the shades which wrap the twilight vale,
 And paints, with fairer hues, each op'ning flow'r.
 A child of Sorrow, let me not complain
 That I alone, have courted thee---in vain!

SONNET III.

TO POESY.

Sweet child of Fancy ! how I love to hear

Thy plaintive warblings pour'd upon the gale ;

As through the windings of my native vale,

Thy numbers steal upon my list'ning ear.

I love to court thee at the silent hour,

When from the west decline the beams of day ;

Then most, my bosom feels thy charming power ;

Then most, my spirit kindles at thy lay.

Thy sportive fancies are, to me, more dear

Than all the gaudy scenes which Pleasure brings,

When thy light fingers sweep the harp's wild strings,

And pour the music of a happier sphere ;

For oft, sweet Poesy ! thy tender pow'rs

Have sooth'd my griefs, and cheer'd my lonely hours.

SONNET IV.

TO MY NIECE,

WITH A PATCHWORK COUNTERPANE.

Dear Babe ! if wishes may impart a charm,
 Whene'er thy Nurse this mantle o'er thee throws,
 It shall secure thee, undisturb'd repose,
 And shield, with magick pow'r, thy form from harm.
 And Health shall strew thy infant couch with flow'rs,
 When Ev'ning's shadows veil the ruddy west,
 While lull'd upon Tranquillity's soft breast,
 Sleep, with her balm, shall renovate thy pow'rs,
 And twine her "Poppy Wreaths" around thy head ;
 And Fancy, smiling at thy gaudy vest,
 In all the Rainbow's glowing colours dress'd,
 Shall to thy view, her brightest visions spread ;
 And may, however bright her dreams shall be,
 More Bright, more Happy, be Thy Destiny.

SONNET V.

TO IMAGINATION.

Queen of the ærial world! I love thy sway,
 'Tis thine to tune the Poet's warbling Lyre,
 The trembling strings with Rapture to inspire,
 Or wake to numbers wild, the plaintive lay.
 The Elements thy magick pow'r obey,
 Wak'd by thy call, the raging tempests rise;
 Or calm Serenity pervades the skies,
 "And Time, and Place, are subject to thy sway."
 'Tis thine, to bid the wrapt enthusiast hail
 Fancy attir'd in ever varying vest,
 And ærial forms in thy rich colours dress'd,
 As sportive, on Eve's balmy breeze they sail.
 Still o'er my senses, thy bright chaplet bind,
 Whose glowing flow'rs adorn the human mind.

SONNET VI.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A LADY ON RECEIVING A
BOUQUET FROM A FRIEND FROM WHOM SHE
WAS ABOUT TO BE SEPARATED.

Sweet is the modest Vi'let's early bloom,
Which scents, with balmy breath, Spring's smiling
bow'r ;
More Potent Charms await fair Friendship's flow'r,
It soothes pale Sorrow's cheerless wint'ry gloom.
And when the blooming rose of Hope is dead,
As Summer's silken blossoms droop and die ;
Unchang'd Affection, with her tender sigh,
Shall o'er the faded flow'r, fresh fragrance shed,
Though ruthless Destiny has seal'd the doom
Which thy exalted soul resists in vain,
These wither'd flow'rs, for me, shall sweets retain,
'Till, cold, this bosom slumbers in the tomb ;
And fond Affection, faithful e'en in death,
Shall whisper blessings, with her parting breath.

SONNET VII.

THE THORNLESS ROSE,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

Ah lovely Flow'r! I view in thee display'd,
A mournful emblem of my Harriot's fate,
Who deck'd with ev'ry charm, that could await
A child of Virtue, blossom'd but to fade.
In Nature's bright, yet softest colours dress'd,
Thou bloom'st, Earth's dreary desert to adorn,
Yet ah! beneath thy painted silky vest,
The hand that plucks thee, finds the wounding thorn,
But thou, dear Maid! whose ev'ry virtue glows
Fresh o'er my sense, though Death's relentless wind
Has long thy blossom to the grave consign'd;
Thou wast indeed, on Earth, a Thornless Rose;
Whose fragrant Virtues triumph o'er the tomb,
And, in the Skies, put forth Immortal Bloom.

SONNET VIII.

TO A HYACINTH.

GIVEN ME BY A LADY, WHO BROUGHT IT IN A HEAVY FALL
OF SNOW.

Thou lov'd memorial of my absent Friend,
 Upon thy op'ning charms I fondly dwell,
 And view delighted Nature, smiling, tend
 With anxious care, each mildly drooping bell.
 Ah! that soft Zephyr, as he wanders by,
 Stealing sweet odours from thy azure vest,
 (Whose colour emulates the cloudless sky)
 Could waft thy rich perfume to Emma's breast.
 Sweet Flow'r! I consecrate thy cherish'd bloom,
 To the lov'd memory of the beauteous maid,
 Who, fearless of chill Winter's low'ring gloom,
 Thy tender blossoms to my bow'r convey'd;
 Emblem of Hope! who 'mid Life's wint'ry storm,
 Brings her fair flow'rs, the dreary scene t'adorn.

SONNET IX.

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Bright Insect ! who delight'st in shades to dwell,
 And shed at Ev'ning's hour, thy modest ray ;
 I love to see thee, when alone I stray,
 Spangling the bank that skirts the lonely dell,
 To me, thy glimmering light is ever dear ;
 I love to view thee on the grassy blade,
 What time mild Eve bathes, with a crystal tear,
 Each closing flow'r, which decks the silent shade.
 And still, as Night arrays with duskier hue
 The scene around, thou shed'st a brighter ray,
 (While balmy Zephyrs through the foliage play)
 To guide the Pilgrim o'er the nightly dew.
 Ah ! that the Star of Hope, like thee, would deign,
 To guide my footsteps, o'er Life's dreary plain !

SONNET X.

TO MY SISTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

Had I the Lyre that tuned the spotless lays
 Of modest Thompson, in the praise of Spring;
 Or Collins' magick harp, bound o'er with Bays,
 I then thy Virtues might attempt to sing.
 But ah! my humble Reed, from Arun's side,
 Must ne'er aspire to such exalted pow'r;
 I but implore, that Peace her gifts may show'r,
 Upon the pathway of the beauteous Bride;
 That endless blessings may her steps await,
 And wing with brighter joys each rising year;
 That smiling Health may hover round her gate;
 And Friendship greet her with a smile sincere;
 Till Earth's uncertain scene shall be no more,
 And Bliss shall crown her on a happier shore.

SONNET XI.

TO SLEEP.

Why Sleep! to me, thy influence deny?

Why from my throbbing temples, thus depart?

Oh steep, once more, in peace, my aching heart,
And close, with balmy dew, my wearied eye.

My Orgies ne'er have shook from thy soft wing,

The "Poppy Wreaths" which thou delight'st to bear,

To the sad sons of Poverty and Care,

Then o'er my fever'd form, thy mantle fling.

Oh! place one Lethean Floret on my brow,

That I may (slumb'ring on thy downy breast)

Taste in forgetfulness, the sweets of rest:

So will I hail thee, "Comforter of Woe;"

And though, my waking hours, unblest'd should be,

I'll court the Muse, to twine a Wreath for Thee.

SONNET XII.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Hail sportive Insect! borne on quiv'ring wing,
 I see thee wanton through the yielding air;
 Enjoy while yet thou canst, thy little spring;
 Like Man's, 'tis Short;---but not like Man's, 'tis Fair.
 The Skies, propitious to thy fleeting day,
 Kindly on thee, their gentlest influence show'r;
 Ah! bask thee, in the soft reviving ray,
 And sip the fragrance of each op'ning flow'r.
 Alas! thy pow'rs will quickly feel decay;
 Thy ærial form to Death must shortly yield;
 Nor will thy beauty, for a single day,
 Against the ruthless tyrant form a shield.
 Emblem of Man's, is thy uncertain day,
 Like thee he falls, Death's unresisting prey.

SONNET XIII.

TO MUSIC.

Music ! thy soft and fascinating pow'r,
 Through ev'ry troubled thrilling vein I feel,
 With sweet enchantment o'er my spirit steal,
 And sooth the storms of woe that o'er me low'r.
 How thy soft sounds the tortur'd soul compose ;---
 Calmness sits throned upon the brow of Grief;
 The warring Passions sink in sweet repose ;
 And Sorrow owns thy voice, a kind relief.
 Thy soothing strains my grief-worn spirit charm,
 While list'ning to thy soft melodious lay,
 Ten thousand ærial visions round me play,
 E'en Hope descends, Earth's gloomy scene to warm,
 And bids me, aided by Religion, soar,
 To those pure realms, where Pain shall be no more.

SONNET XIV.

OCCASIONED BY READING MRS. M. ROBINSON'S POEMS.

Daughter of Genius! while thy tuneful lays
 Lift my warm spirit from its mortal clay,
 And bid it soar to realms of endless day,
 In vain I seek thy matchless pow'r to praise.
 Though in the regions of the silent Grave,
 The tyrant Death has laid thy beauties low,
 Around thy Urn a Lasting Wreath shall blow.
 Which still the wintry storms of Fate shall brave.
 The Muses cull'd its Never Fading Flow'rs:
 Which emblematick of thy heav'nly strain,
 To Time's last moment shall unchang'd remain,
 (Nor feel base Envy's sting, Detraction's pow'rs)
 And bloom for ever, round thy Sacred Name,
 'Grav'd by the fingers of Eternal Fame.

SONNET XV.

Those Bells, so cheerly pealing on the gale,
 With breast by bitter anguish rent, I hear,
 And from mine eye fast falls Affliction's tear,
 While bleeding Sorrow bids my cheeks be pale.
 With strains of joy they seem to mock my woes,
 And say of all the world, I weep alone-----
 To me more suited, is the knell's sad moan,
 Which on the wind its solemn accents throws ;
 It, to my troubled bosom, whispers peace,
 Tells me, that I at last shall find a home,
 Though long forlorn on Earth my steps may roam,
 Their weary wand'rings in the grave shall cease,
 And (by a Saviour's love my sins forgiv'n)
 My suff'ring spirit, find repose in Heav'n.

SONNET XVI.

TO A LADY, IN WHOM THE PERFECTION TO WHICH SHE HAS
CULTIVATED THE FINE ARTS CAN ONLY BE EQUALLED
BY THE VIRTUES OF HER PRIVATE CHARACTER.

While Admiration to thy talents pays,
The tribute to thy matchless Merit due,
Thy brilliant pow'rs dim her astonish'd view,
With the refulgence of their dazzling blaze.
So does the Sun in noon-tide splendour shine,
To Nature giving vigour, by his rays,---
(Her sight too weak to bear his fire) she pays
His beams the homage, which we offer thine.
If Science, Honour's lasting chaplet claim,
And Painting's temples are by Judgment crown'd;
If Harmony's fair brow, Taste's flow'rs surround;
Say, who shall dare to celebrate Thy Name;
Whose hands, the pictur'd form, with Life inspire,
From whom e'en Handel's strains new charms acquire?

SONNET XVII.

TO HOLLINGBURY CASTLE. *

While o'er thy height, my lonely footsteps stray,
 To pour th' effusions of a cureless woe,
 Upon thy summit gleams the parting day,
 Though Night's dun shades obscure the scene below,
 So when appearing in the eastern sky,
 Cynthia on thee, first sheds her silver light,
 On thee, the Morning opes her roseate eye,
 And tints thy brow, with orient colours bright.
 Though at thy base, the rolling Thunders sound,
 And vivid Lightnings in the Valley play,
 Though Horror reigns o'er all the scene around,
 Still, on thy summit, shines the cheerful day.
 Ah! that my Soul to heights like thine, could soar;
 And feel the storms, that darken Earth no more.

* One of the South Downs Sussex, on which was formerly a Castle. of which no vestige is now remaining, though the Hill on which it stood still retains its name.

SONNET XVIII.

To me discordant is that jocund sound
Of Mirth and Glee, wafted on Ev'ning's gale,
For pale Misfortune's hand, her sable veil,
Has wrapt my hapless destiny around.
"To me more suited," as they bathe the shore,
The Ocean's waves, in gentle cadence, roll,
As if a sacred sympathy of soul,
Taught them, to mourn the saint my tears deplore.
Ye crystal waves! your measur'd plainings keep;
For when your faintly murm'ring surge I hear,
It prompts Regret's fond sigh; and Sorrow's tear
Hastens to mingle with the briny deep:
While Fancy, passing swift th' Atlantic Wave,
Weeping, strews florets o'er a Brother's Grave.

SONNET XIX.

TO SENSIBILITY.

Oh, Sensibility ! whose tender form,
 Shrinks from the breath of Rapture's fervid gale,
 As from the buffet of the howling storm ;
 Thee, with thy pleasing pains, I fondly hail.
 For ah ! are blended, in thy num'rous train,
 The smiles of Joy, with Sorrow's sombre gloom ;
 Here, Sympathy weeps o'er Fictitious Pain,
 There, nurs'd by Hope, the flow'rs of Pleasure bloom.
 As when dark clouds sail o'er the southern sky,
 Sol's radiance gleams, and is obscur'd in turn,
 Thy trembling spirits Sensibility !
 Now wake to Bliss, and now in Anguish mourn.
 Yet ah ! whate'er thy pains, my breast inspire,
 With thy sweet pow'r, to tune my plaintive Lyre.

SONNET XX.

TO A FRIEND.

WITH A FLOWER OF RUSSET BROWN OF MY OWN MAKING.

While Winter's skies, are wrapt in murky glooms,
 And Autumn's sickly foliage, red, and sear,
 No longer lingers in the vallies drear ;
 Nor aught remains of Summer's vermeil blooms.
 Less fair than Spring's soft tribe, its hardy form,
 Allow me, on thy brow, one flow'r to place,
 Whose tints less bright than Flora's painted race,
 Were " cradled in the winds, nurs'd by the storm."
 Yet well its russet colour may display,
 The modest garb by Faithful Friendship worn,
 Unchanging in Adversity's rude storm ;
 And such was Thine, in Sorrow's wintry day,
 When heav'nly Pity, in thy form appear'd,
 And with soft light, Life's thorny pathway cheer'd.

SONNET XXI.

TO GRACE,
A LOVELY AND AMIABLE GIRL, ON HER BIRTH DAY,
AUGUST 1, 1808.

Let other Poets hail the vermeil blooms,
That strew the pathway of the youthful Spring,
While Zephyr fans away, with purple wing,
The brilliant dew-drop, laden with perfumes.
I hail the Month, whose sun-burnt brow t' adorn,
No flatt'ring Bard, the blooming chaplet, weaves;
For late I found, 'mid August's tawny sheaves,
A peerless flow'r, a rose unarm'd by thorn.
The Summer's sultry hours may haply fade
The transient beauties of Spring's floral race,
Save, where the lurid Poppy, gaudy, blows;
In modest Virtue's lasting charms array'd,
Still August's sun-scorch'd temples boast a GRACE
In Spring unequal'd; Nature's Sweetest Rose.

SONNET XXII.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE ON A STORMY EVENING.

Loud on the shore, the Southwest blast is heard,
And dark, and veil'd with clouds, the Ev'ning skies;
And as the hollow gale responsive sighs,
Wild screams along the strand, the Ocean bird.
Where last in flaming light the Sun withdrew,
His rays, reflected, gleam dark clouds among;
As on the wild winds borne, they sail along,
Shading the Ocean's breast, with sable hue.
Save one lone vessel on the heaving wave,
Nought breaks the wild and solitary gloom;
The storm clad skies, no friendly stars illumine,
'Tis thus the Poet's fate, alone to brave;
While o'er the scenes, his fancy painted, sail
Dark clouds of Grief, each glowing tint to veil.

SONNET XXIII.

TO DEATH.

Oh Thou! whose haggard form, Mankind alarms,
 From whom they fly, as from a deadly foe,
 I, hail thee, as the cure of ev'ry woe,
 And fain would shelter, in thy friendly arms.
 To me, Oh Death! thy ghastly brow appears
 With flow'rs adorn'd; thy form in peace array'd;
 And sick'ning Hope pants for thy silent shade,
 The only refuge from this scene of tears.
 How often Feeling animates the breast,
 On whose rude form no signs of Pity glow;
~~To~~ Death, 'mid all thy attributes of woe,
 Thy form by Faith in Hope's pure mantle dress'd,
 Shall kindly close, in sleep, my grief-swoln eye,
 To wake in scenes of Immortality.

SONNET XXIV.

Ye native shores! no more, my feet shall stray,
 O'er your lov'd scenes, when (" Daughter of the
 dawn")
 On the tall mountain's brow, the op'ning Morn
 Flings the warm lustre of her golden ray.
 Yet shall my bosom, ne'er forget to love
 Your "cloud capt" mountains, and your dingles wild,
 Where erst, my infant steps were wont to rove,
 When Health, and Peace, the swift-wing'd hours
 beguil'd.
 As Absence, to slight passions, may impart,
 From calm Oblivion's stream, a healing balm,
 She chains more firmly, by a pow'rful charm,
 The stronger feelings of the human heart;
 So your lov'd scenes, my bosom, shall retain,
 And Time, and Fate, divide us---but in vain.

SONNET XXV.

TO A FRIEND,
WHO CAME ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR TO PASS A
FEW DAYS WITH US.

Oh Thou! who com'st beneath chill Winter's reign,
With Friendship's voice, our lonely hours to cheer,
May Health, and smiling Pleasure, in their train,
For thee, lead brighter joys, each rising year.
Winter, all dreary, boasts no fragrant blooms,
Or for thy brows, I would a garland weave,
Where ev'ry op'ning flow'r, its sweet perfumes,
In emblem of the good I wish, should breathe.
Yet though pale January's hand, no flow'rs,
Strews on thy path; may Peace with dove-like wing,
Still hover round, and from her halcyon bow'rs,
Her choicest sweets at ev'ry season bring,
And at the rising, or the closing year,
Still may they bloom, unsully'd by a tear.

SONNET XXVI.

TO A WILD ROSE GROWING ON THE GRAVE OF A FAVOURITE
WHICH BUDDED EARLY IN DECEMBER:

Sweet Plant! while Winter reigns, with tempests
crown'd,

And on the coldly piercing northern gales,

Frost, in her shining car, triumphant sails,

And binds, in icy chains, the scene around;

Though snow, with dreary mantle, clothes the ground,

On this lone Grave, thy kindly buds appear,

As thou would'st sooth the tyrant's harsh career,

And Death's grim brows, with verdant wreaths surround.

So when the Soul escapes this scene of night,

Where Sorrow's howling tempests ceaseless rave,

Shall the fair Sun of Glory, beaming bright,

Teach Spring's green foliage o'er the tomb to wave;

And with a stream of pure, celestial light

Shall chase the gloomy Winter of the Grave.

SONNET XXVII.

TO AFFLICTION.

Affliction! though thy faded cheek be pale,
 And sable be the garb that wraps thy form,
 Though thy dark brows are crown'd with wounding
 thorn,
 Thy awe-inspiring shape, unmov'd I hail.
 The tears that trickle from thy grief-dimn'd eye,
 Down the worn furrows of thy wasted cheek,
 In sounds familiar to my feelings, speak;
 For mine's a bosom, taught by thee, to sigh.
 Sombre, and horror-raising, tho' thy mien,
 Still art thou friendly to the child of woe,
 Though Pleasure, frightened, from thy presence go;
 And flatt'ring Hope, is near thee never seen;
 By thee, Indiff'rence to the world is giv'n;
 And Mis'ry learns to look, from Earth, to Heav'n.

SONNET XXVIII.

TO A TEAR.

Pellucid Gem ! ah whither would'st thou stray ?
 Thy crystal brightness can no balm impart,
 The Thorn of Grief, that rankles at my heart,
 Disowns the tender mildness of thy sway.
 The tear that falls from pitying Friendship's eye,
 May sooth, to peace, the hapless child of Grief,
 Yield to the throb of pain a soft relief,
 And bid the heaving breast forget to sigh.
 Yet, brilliant trembler, still pursue thy course ;
 Though not to give the balm of Peace is thine,
 The tear of Grief the bosom may refine,
 Till pure as waters bubbling from their source,
 Effac'd by thee, each crime shall be forgiv'n,
 And Mercy's Angel call my soul to Heav'n.

SONNET XXIX.

TO A TREE WHICH BELONGED TO MY BELOVED BROTHER.

Oh ever sacred Plant, with joy I view

The gentle Spring thy wasted strength restore ;

For long the Saint, whose loss I still deplore,

Cherish'd thy tender branches as they grew.

Near thee does Tenderness her vigils keep,

And oft bedews thee with her sacred tears,

And still, as each expanding bud appears,

Affection loves to watch thy growth and weep.

But smiling Faith forsakes the realms of light,

Wipes, with her wing, the tears which dimm'd mine
eyes,

And points the starry mansions of the Skies,

Where my lov'd Brother tastes unmix'd delight ;

Awak'd, like thee, from Winter's Deathlike gloom,

And rob'd, by Spring, in Heaven's Unfading Bloom.

SONNET XXX.

TO A PANSY.

Come beauteous Flow'r, and on my troubled breast,
 The soothing balsam of thy dew's impart,
 Distil thy balm, to heal my wounded heart,
 And bid my bosom taste the sweets of rest.
 Oh come, sweet Flow'r! by Spring's fair fingers dress'd
 In richest dyes, and sooth me to repose;
 Assuage the raging anguish of my woes,
 And chase the form of Sorrow from my breast.
 Sure, lovely floret, thou deserv'st thy name;
 Thy glowing hues, the eye of Fancy please,
 And thy soft odours wafted on the breeze,
 To the sad bosom, rack'd by tort'ring pain,
 Some magick pow'r to charm its griefs impart,
 And give that choicest blessing, Ease of Heart.

SONNET XXXI.

How proudly Man usurps the pow'r to reign,
 In ev'ry climate of the world is known,
 From the cold regions of the Northern Zone,
 To where the South extends his boundless main.
 Yet in this wide expanse, no realm we find,
 To boast a Woman, who the yoke disdain'd;
 And with Intrepid Soul, that Freedom claim'd,
 Which Heav'n Impartial, gave all human kind.
 With Soul too Proud, to bear the Servile Chain,
 Or to Usurping Man, Submissive bow,
 Though poorest of the names, Record can shew,
 Ages unborn, with wonder shall proclaim
 The pride of one Unyielding Female thine,
 Dear Native England ! and the name be Mine.

SONNET XXXII.

TO MEMORY.

Hail Mem'ry! thou whose kind endearing sway,
 In glad review, before my sorrowing eyes,
 Bids airy visions of past scenes arise;
 And Joys departed, can again display.
 I love thee, when thy tender hand portrays
 Those native shores, still to this breast so dear;
 And their lov'd scenes, with anxious care arrays,
 In ev'ry charm, that crowns the glowing year.
 But most, O Memory! thy sway I love,
 When in soft pity to my falling tear,
 It bids departed Friends once more appear,
 And calls them, from the happy realms above:
 For then, it sooths to peace, my troubled breast,
 And gives my worn, perturbed spirit rest.

SONNET XXXIII.

WRITTEN ON A HEADLAND NEAR THE BLACK ROCK.

Bright does the rising Sun of April seem,
 While strewing flow'rs around, fair Spring appears,
 But to those eyes, dimm'd by Affliction's tears,
 Vain is the radiance of the morning beam,
 While others seek, amid the new-leaf'd grove,
 W^here first the early Primrose loves to bloom,
 Or fragrant violets breathe a soft perfume ;
 O'er the bleak Mountain's brow I sadly rove :
 Or haply, on this craggy headland stand,
 Where the wild sea-fowl find their shelter'd nest,
 While as they scream along the rocky strand,
 Reflection whispers, they have where, to rest.
 While Spring, which scatters bliss o'er every land,
 At her return, still finds me, sad, unblest.

SONNET XXXIV.

ADDRESSED TO THE FULL MOON WHEN RISING.

Thou ! whom the visionary loves to hail,
 While wand'ring pensive, by thy modest beams,
 O'er the broad Ocean thy soft radiance streams,
 Illumes the wave, and shews the " skiff's white sail,"
 Which haply passes o'er the " lucid line,"
 Thy silver light marks on the sombre tide ;
 My fragile bark on Life's dark sea to guide,
 Through such a stream of light, was lately mine.
 I love thy hour ; when last arising bright
 In full orb'd splendour o'er these waters blue,
 Such was the light lov'd Anna's kindness threw
 Athwart my path, then veil'd by Sorrow's night :
 And Mem'ry, fondly kindling, while I gaze,
 Still at my side, my absent friend surveys.

SONNET XXXV.

TO G----- T----- H-----.

WITH THE MODEL OF A GREEN HOUSE FILLED WITH PAINTED
FLOWERS.

Sweet Boy! in whom, as on thee oft I gaze,

Thy Parents' apt resemblances I trace,

The soul of fire, join'd to the modest grace,

Which gives new lustre to fair Genius' blaze :

Accept (the off'ring of a friend sincere)

The bow'r, replete with mimic sweets, I bring,

While Winter's breath, yet chills the rising year,

And blights the floral heralds of the Spring.

And ah! less transient, than these pictur'd flow'rs,

Accept the fondest wish that friend can form,

That Health may bless thee in Youth's rising morn,

And smiling Hope, lead thee thro' fairest bow'rs,

Where Happiness o'er all the scene shall breathe,

And round thy brows her Lasting Chaplet wreath.

SONNET XXXVI.

TO TYRANNY.

Fiend of uncomely features! thou whose form,
 Though dress'd in regal robes, thy soul displays,
 With soul unawed, on thee I dare to gaze,
 Though I may wither, by thy baleful storm.
 Yes, Youth, and Health, worn by thy ceaseless sway,
 Upon my wasted cheek, no more may glow;
 Strength, from my palsied limbs, may frighted go
 And all my frame feel premature decay.
 Yet still superiour to thy hate I rise,
 To thee 'tis giv'n on Earth no friend to know;
 But, in each smiling form, to fear a foe;
 While my free soul, aspiring to the skies,
 Proves though my Frame, be by thy bonds confin'd,
 Thou own'st no power, to Enslave the Mind.

SONNET XXXVII.

TO TWILIGHT.

Meek Twilight hail ! with joy I own thy sway ;
 To me, more dear, is thy soft placid hour,
 Than all the streaming light the Sun can pour,
 Upon the bosom of Resplendent Day.
 Pleas'd do I see the glowing Ev'ning fade,
 And yield to thee, her empire o'er the sky ;
 I love thy silent hour ;---thy deep'ning shade
 Calms my sad breast, and soothes my anguish'd sigh.
 Ah ! Twilight, how I love thy pensive reign ;
 It to my sorrows lends a kind relief,
 For at thy quiet hour, my cureless grief
 Indulges the sad luxury to complain ;
 And pours to thee, the anguish of a breast,
 Which long has sought in vain ;---a scene of rest

SONNET XXXVIII.

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH DAY OF A YOUNG LADY TO WHOSE
KINDNESS I AM INDEBTED FOR A VERY BEAUTIFUL
TRANSCRIPT OF SOME LONG POEMS.

In vain stern Winter's rudely rushing wind,
Sweeps o'er the plain, on Desolation's wing;
In vain his robes their murky shadows fling
O'er the wide scene; though no fair florets bind
His darksome brows; whose frown, to death consign'd
Each silken bloom, the milder year could bring;
Yet mid his wildest storms, one flow'r shall spring,
And, in the Poet's breast, protection find.
Yes, there shall warmest Gratitude enshrine
Her deathless Amaranth, whose blooms display
An emblem of the joys, unchang'd by Time,
My pray'rs implore to bless thy natal day;
Long, when Death's chilling wreaths my brows intwine
Wrap my wild Harp, and hush my simple lay.

SONNET XXXIX.

TO TIME.

Oh thou! who seem'st too swift to speed away,
 Where Pleasure strews thy path with gayest flow'rs,
 Or fair Improvement, in Youth's cloudless hours,
 Sheds on the op'ning mind, her genial ray.
 They who with Pleasure, can the Past survey,
 And, through Hope's Dazzling Glass, the Future see;
 May well, Oh Time ! prepare a wreath for Thee,
 Regret thy swiftness, and implore thy stay.
 With me, thy leaden footsteps slowly move,
 And bound with thorn, thy furrow'd brows appear,
 Condemn'd to weep the Past, the Future fear,
 Thus early in my Morn of Life I prove,
 That ev'ry Day, Grief-lengthen'd to an Age,
 But stamps some Added Woe, on Mem'ry's Page.

SONNET XL.

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

*Occasioned by reading her very pathetick and beautiful
Sonnets "written in the church-yard at Middleton"
and, "To Night."*

A tear, if pitying Sympathy e'er shed
O'er suff'ring Excellence, 'tis due to thee;
Whose strains, each aching heart, from anguish free,
Though Grief's dark tempest gathers round thy head.
Yet as the Nightingale's, thy strains of grief
In notes of such soul-soothing sweetness flow,
That rapt, we listen to the tale of woe,
Nor, lest we break thy music, bring relief.
Oh! did I rove, like thee, among the flow'rs
Cultur'd by Poesy with tender hand,
To crown thy temples, I would weave a band,
Whose buds, with Fascination's magick pow'rs,
Should like thy lays, a lenient charm impart,
And sooth, to sweet Tranquillity, thy Heart.

SONNET XLI.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LIEUT. G. A. SMITH, AT SURINAM, FIVE DAYS AFTER THAT OF HIS MOTHER, THE CELEBRATED CHARLOTTE SMITH, IN ENGLAND.

Go gen'rous Spirit ! warm with Valour's fire,
 Glory already, on thy youthful brows,
 By Virtue twin'd, as bright a wreath bestows,
 As Vict'ry's trophy'd sons shall e'er acquire.
 Ah ! had thy Mother seen Death close thine eye,
 What anguish had it cost her bleeding breast !
 But Heav'n, in mercy, gave her sorrows rest ;
 And pitying call'd her spirit to the sky.
 Perhaps, e'en in Death, her tenderness deplor'd
 The distance, which forbade a last embrace ;
 But Fate, relenting, triumph'd over space,
 And to thy Mother, soon her Son restor'd ;
 That what on Earth, the keenest pang had giv'n,
 Might be reward, and happiness in Heav'n.

SONNET XLII.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE IN A STORM.

Ye forms of Horror! borne upon the winds,
 Spirits of Death, and Desolation, hail!
 As on the moaning blasts, ye screaming, sail,
 A dark delight, my troubled bosom, finds,
 While wand'ring lonely on the sea beat shore,
 I view the raging billows swelling high,
 Dashing their white foam, to the low'ring sky,
 Or breaking o'er some rock with deaf'ning roar.
 The toiling Mariner essays in vain,
 'Mid troubled waves, his rolling bark to guide,
 Seaman be cheer'd! the tempest will subside,
 And thou in safety, shalt thy home regain;
 But I, the sea of suff'ring doom'd t'explore,
 'Mid storms unceasing; know no tranquil shore.

SONNET XLIII.

*Written as I was returning from a Village in Sussex I
often visited in Infancy, by a road I had
not lately passed.*

Lov'd scenes! now almost strangers to my view,
Where oft in cloudless infancy I stray'd,
What direful ravage Time's harsh hand has made,
In the fair Picture Hope's bright pencil drew.
How lovely, to mine eyes, your heights appear,
Your winding vales, and "glens befring'd with thorn,
Where, while the dew yet gemm'd the path of Morn,
The Huntsman's halloo, oft I stray'd to hear.
Ah! those where days of Happiness, and Glee,
But as Day's burnish'd orb now sinks to rest,
Leaving the Earth rob'd in Night's sable vest,
The Sun of Happiness is set to me.
But, ye lov'd scenes! Tranquillity restore,
And sooth my soul, though Hope, is mine, no more.

SONNET XLIV.

TO THE RISING SUN.

Hail Day's bright Orb! whose brilliant dazzling flame
 Illumes each passing cloud, though dark its hue;
 My breast transported, with delight, I view
 Thy radiance, gleaming o'er the restless main,
 (Which dress'd in sable, by Night's ling'ring veil,
 With gentle murmurs, bathes my native shore)
 Where the lone Fisher, his returning sail
 Spreads, to the breeze, and plies his dashing oar.
 How fair that sail appears, how its pure white
 Relieves the sombre colour of the main,
 Thus, when Religion, on Life's dreary plain,
 Sheds, on some wand'rer of the world, her light,
 Her dawning ray, has pow'r to cheer the gloom,
 And promises, like Thine, a Brilliant Noon.

SONNET XLV.

THE SETTING SUN.

Now from the Skies the Orb of Day declines,
 And in his radiance all the landscape glows;
 Old Ocean's wave scarce "murmurs as it flows,"
 While on his breast, the setting Sun reclines;
 And o'er the glassy water, slanting, spreads
 The soften'd lustre of his crimson fires;
 Or, as his Orb beneath the wave retires,
 O'er shining sands, his golden radiance sheds.
 The envious clouds, that gath'ring o'er the west,
 Would veil the brightness of his parting rays,
 Illum'd with light reflected from his blaze,
 With streaks of burnish'd gold are richly dressed;
 So sinks the Christian's heav'n-taught soul to rest,
 Thus, he forgives, and bids his foes be bless'd.

SONNET XLVI.

TO FORTITUDE.

Oh ! thou best treasure of the wounded mind ;
Come arm my breast against the shafts of Woe,
Around my form, thy charming mantle throw,
To shield me from Misfortune's chilling wind.
Ah ! now I see the forms of Grief and Fear,
Upon a stormy cloud, they frowning sail,
And their wild voices, borne upon the gale,
In horrid screams, assail my list'ning ear;
To me, the Furies bend their rapid course,
And wing with direful hate their poison'd dart,
To drink the crimson stream that warms my heart ;
But thou can'st rob them of their sharpest force,
Can'st teach the Soul, pale Sorrow's pangs to bear,
Or blunt the keenest arrows of Despair.

SONNET XLVII.

TO THE EARLY DAISY.

I love thee, modest Flow'r ! whose " ruby eye,"
 While yet the northern blast howls wildly drear,
 And bends thy head, surcharg'd with Winter's tear,
 Undaunted opes beneath a stormy sky.
 If wand'ring lonely by the wint'ry bourn,
 'Mid matted fern, brown grass, and brushwood sear,
 The wither'd foliage of the parted year,
 Thy tiny blossoms, haply I discern
 Spangling, with snowy stars, the tawny green,
 I feel a ray of joy my bosom warm ;
 To me, as emblematick they appear,
 Of the fair flow'rs, which Poesy's bright dream
 Strews on the path of those to Mis'ry born,
 Whose buds, like thine, Life darkest hour shall
 cheer.

SONNET XLVIII.

TO EXPIRING HOPE.

And dost I view thy form, so passing fair,
 Enchantress Hope! on Death's cold breast reclin'd?
 Could'st thou no more, one bright illusion find,
 That for a little space, might prompt to bear
 The ills of Life? a child of dark Despair,
 I, to my bosom, snatch'd thy form refin'd,
 And crush'd thee, Cherub sweet! thy brow to bind,
 No Poppy's friendly blossom flourish'd there.
 Yet e'en in Death thou'rt sweet; one parting tear
 Steals o'er thy cheek, robb'd of the vermeil dye,
 Which Spring's young roses gave; while to the Sphere,
 From thy blue eye half clos'd, mild Constancy
 Looks out; and sighing, "Peace resides not here,"
 Bears thee to seek her, in thy native sky.

SONNET XLIX.

TO LOVE.

Never, Oh Love! a vot'ress at thy shrine,
 Thy hand shall crown me, with thy myrtle wreath,
 So frail, so fragrant;---rather Plant of Grief;
 The mourning Cypress' darksome boughs be mine.
 Though bright with dew, thy Morning Rose bud shine,
 Ne'er shall my hand, too eager pluck its bloom;
 (That promises around the brows of Noon,
 A chaplet of Unfading Sweets, to twine)
 For Passion, with Infuriate Breath, shall tear
 The silken leaves; or Jealousy's rude breath
 Sweep, from the tender bud, Hope's glitt'ring dew;
 Or Disappointment's whirlwind doom to death;
 And all thy Fairy Florets, Wither'd, strew,
 Upon the Flinty Couch of dark Despair.

SONNET L.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE
AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Illustrious Chieftain ! o'er thy hallow'd grave,
 The tears (which ere they quit Spain's hostile shore)
 Honour and Valour, weeping Sisters, pour,
 Shall o'er thy ashes, bid the Laurel wave
 Its Deathless Boughs. Alas ! thy life to save,
 When Strength, could Valour's voice obey no more,
 Why did no guardian Angel hover o'er,
 With Adamantine Shield, to guard the brave ?
 Illustrious Moore ! though my unpolish'd strains,
 Can nought of Fame, on Thee, or Praise bestow,
 While Glory's hands, her brightest trophies strew
 Where Spain is hallow'd by thy cold remains ;
 The simple lay, may where thy Laurels grow,
 Haply impart, one drop of fresh'ning dew.

SONNET LI.

OCASIONED BY LOSING A GERANIUM FLOWER FROM MY
HAIR IN DECEMBER.

Why did the blast, thus ruthless, tear away
 The single flow'r, which 'mid stern Winter's storm,
 Expanded, to the blighting North, its form,
 And, round my temples, wreath'd its blossoms gay ?
 Thou wast not form'd, to brave so rude an hour
 Poor fragile bloom!---alas! display'd by thee,
 An emblem apt, does sighing Fancy see,
 Of Genius, blasted by Misfortune's pow'r:
 So, round the Poet's brow, like thee array'd,
 In richest hues, 'mid Sorrow's winter drear,
 The flowrs of Genius rise, the scene to cheer;
 Like thee forbidd'n, the mournful right, to fade;
 And, by Misfortune, from his brow forlorn,
 Like thee, the Wreath in brightest beauty torn.

SONNET LII.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON LEAVING

We part---but though the Rose no longer bloom,
 Does not soft fragrance still its leaves embalm ?
 So Friendship's joys, departed, boast a charm,
 Which sheds, on Mem'ry's breast, a rich perfume.
 Go view the russet leaves---the fading flow'r
 That with'ring droops in Autumn's stormy reign ;
 Yet even here, shall Hope her charms retain,
 And cheer the dreary scene, with magick pow'r ;
 The tears of Winter, and Regret, to dew
 By her transform'd, when Beauty's bloom recedes,
 Shall cherish, with soft balm, the darksome seeds,
 And bid to blossom, with the Year, anew ;
 So may the bloom of Friendship's Hallow'd Rose,
 From Separation's Winter, bright unclosc.

SONNET LIIF.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Silence, sits thron'd within this tranquil scene,
 Where the departing Sun his radiance throws,
 (While Ev'ning's breath scarce waves the verdant
 boughs)
 Tinging the foliage, with a burnish'd gleam.
 Wand'rer! (ill suited to this spot serene,
 Thy laughing air, thy sun-burnt cheek, which shews
 At once, the tawny nettle, and the rose,
 Thine eye of jet, illum'd by Mirth's gay beam,)
 Avaunt! nor seek a stranger to beguile,
 Who never injur'd thee, to pluck the flow'r
 Hope's treach'rous hand presents---I know her pow'r,
 Can gild Misfortune's dagger, by a smile;
 And languid Fortitude, averts her eye,
 Lest darker clouds obscure Futurity.

SONNET LIV.

TO THE GUM CISTUS.

Sweet Bud ! that, gemm'd with dew, the tears of Morn,
 Fancy salutes, Hope's Consecrated Flow'r
 (Rear'd by her hand to decorate her bow'r)
 Whose brilliant blossom hides no wounding thorn;
 Wherefore, at eve, thy flow'rless stem forlorn,
 Does the lone wand'rer, in a snowy show'r,
 Behold, as by the Whirlwind's ruthless pow'r,
 Thy beauties sully'd, and thy blossoms torn ?
 While Fancy weeps, that now, thy form appears
 As deep Regret had mark'd thee for her own ;
 Thus, when the brilliant Morn of Life, is flown,
 Reflection whispers, oft through latter years,
 Those eyes, which sparkling, hail'd its dawning ray,
 Weep, o'er Hope's wither'd flow'rs, at close of day.

THE BOUQUET.

ODE TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY ----

The flow'rs that crown returning Spring,
 Bloom, but like Man, to fade;
 Awhile they scent soft Zephyr's wing,
 And decorate the shade.

But Summer bids their beauties fly,
 Oppress'd by scorching heat,
 And e'en those blossoms droop and die,
 That deck thy lov'd retreat.

The new-blown Rose, whose blushing hue
Brightens to Morning's gale,
Faded, receives Eve's balmy dew,
Nor aught its charms avail.

Autumn's rich tints must too decay,
Her fruits, her golden grain,
By Winter's hand are swept away,
To desolate the plain.

So must the flow'rs of Beauty fade,
Time will their charms decay;
But, on thy bosom, lovely Maid,
Bloom flow'rs more sweet than they.

The Rose, that animates her cheek;

Must lose its brilliant hue,

Her eye, where Pleasure's accents speak;

Must bid its fire adieu:

Then shall the flow'rs that deck thy breast;

In native charms appear,

And bloom, to ev'ry eye confess'd,

The brightest of the year;

The modest buds of meek-ey'd Truth;

With Virtue's flow'rs, combine

T' adorn my Mary's breast in Youth;

And sooth her Life's decline.

Thine are the flow'rs which ne'er decay,

The blossoms of the mind,

They bear alike Sol's scorching ray,

And Winter's chilling wind :

Nor Time himself their charms shall fade,

They'll bloom for ever gay,

For ev'ry virtue lends its aid,

To form the choice Bouquet.

And when thy worldly cares are o'er,

(For cares to all are giv'n)

Transplanted to a happier shore,

They'll sweetly bloom in Heav'n.

STANZAS,

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

ON HIS LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Scotland in ages past might boast,
 Her Michael's pow'r, whose wond'rous host
 Such works of marvel wrought;
 But Scotia! in this latter time,
 A Scott of mightier pow'r is thine,
 Who as he pours the witching rhyme,
 Breathes a spell o'er human thought.
 And while across the trembling strings
 His hand the aged Harper flings,

And oft essays, to wake, in vain
 A sweet, but long forgotten strain,
 Pleas'd Attention hov'ring near,
 Bending the faintest note to hear,
 Heeds not each scene that modern Life displays,
 In misty vision disappears,
 As thy arm the wand uprears,
 That with resistless force
 Turning Time's deep stream's rapid course,
 Bids it rush back to seek its source,
 Through scenes of Other Days;
 And, while o'er th' enchanted tides,
 The bark thy wand created, glides;
 And Imagination's gale
 Flutt'ring swells the fairy sail,

And wafts us up the alter'd streams;

If one faint ray of Mem'ry gleam,

That would recal Life's real scene,

We chase th' obtrusive light away,

As it would Reason lead astray,

With Fancy's fever'd dreams.

But now assur'd the Minstrel plays,

A wild, sweet prelude, to his lays,

And Reason list'ning to his strain,

Has long resign'd her useless rein.

In honour of the "Son of Song,"

Does the rude tide that foam'd along,

In hush'd expectance sleep?

No; it has borne us to the scene,

Where still the Warriour's lances gleam,

And still the Sun's departing beam
 Gilds Branksome's castled steep;
 And here we list the Minstrel's strain,
 And in the feudal grandeur reign,
 Trace Melross' pile, with Deloraine,
 And view the beacon blazing far,
 Shedding, athwart the dusk of night,
 O'er mountain streams a redd'ning light,
 Herald of coming War :
 And eager watch when Morning's light
 Shall bring to day, the book of might.
 But who, O Scott ! that mightier book shall find,
 Whose magick pow'r so fill'd thy glowing mind,
 That oft it seems soft Fancy's spells in slumbers,
 Some sweet illusion o'er the senses bind,

And wildly flowing, like Eolian numbers,
 In the soft breathing of the Ev'ning wind.
 Long may we search the ruin'd pile,
 Where now no Fathers guard the aisle
 That hides the wizard's grave,
 And where Saint Michael's cross of red
 No longer does its ensign spread,
 From fiends his tomb to save.
 But vain the search; his magick pow'r
 And Thine, by diff'rent hands were giv'n;
 The realm of Night its aid supply'd,
 And from her dark infernal crew,
 Elate his baneful art he drew,
 While Genius at thy birth, descry'd
 That thou would'st rise his future pride,

And with the daring Eagle's piercing eye,
Look'd through the veil that hides futurity,
And soaring on a sun-beam to the sky,
Brought thee his Darling hallow'd light from Heav'n;
That on the Earth, with fascinating ray,
Burst in a blaze of intellectual day.

STANZAS,

TO SOME FRIENDS FROM WHOM I HAVE RECEIVED
VARIOUS INSTANCES OF KINDNESS.

Born to endure vicissitudes of care,
To see the Seraph Hope, with heav'nly smile,
Still painting scenes which are forbidd'n to share,
Yet feel she flatters only to beguile;

To see her strewing flow'rs, profusely round,
Whose brilliance promises Eternal Bloom;
While, Disappointment's Thorn, beneath is found
Exhaling poison, mingled with perfume.

And if along his visionary way,

The smiling flow'rs he culls with sportive hand,
To see Affliction tear the wreath away,

While Winter's storms blast all his Fairy Land:

Such is the Poet's Life, his transient day

Thus veil'd with clouds, from Morn to Ev'ning's
close,

Nor, soothes his soul, Tranquillity's soft ray,

'Till, in the grave, his blasted hopes repose.

To Fate's immutable decree I bow'd,

And view'd with mournful eye the sombre scene;
When from behind Affliction's low'ring cloud,
Joy's radiant star, darted one dazzling beam.

So, 'mid the Alpine heights, where wildly drear
 Stern Winter reigns, thron'd on eternal snows,
 Upon some sunny shelter'd spot, appear
 The tender Myrtle, and the blushing Rose.

Unheard 'till now, still let one Poet say,
 That smiling Hope has not outdone her part,
 Or Expectation shed too bright a ray,
 That Disappointment's shaft might wound the heart.

Yet, did not Fancy, in Night's doubtful gloom,
 From her sweet store, some magick balm dispense,
 And strew those visionary flow'rs, whose bloom
 Still recollected, charms my waking sense ?

Ah no! for once, I proudly boast to owe,

To dear reality, the happy past;

And till Life's crimson stream shall cease to flow,

Enshrin'd by Mem'ry shall the pleasure last.

Ah, well might Disappointment flee the scene

Of smiling Mirth, 'twas lately mine to trace,

For, Worth unblemish'd, like the Day Star's beam

Lent its pure light, t'illumine the festal place;

And though fair Pleasure scatter'd flow'rs around,

While Friendship kindly deign'd my steps to guide,

What lurking thorn could in those bow'rs be found,

Where Hospitality, and Worth preside?

STANZAS,

TO A MEDICAL FRIEND, WHO EXPRESSED HIS APPRO-
 TION OF MY POEMS IN TOO FLATTERING TERMS.

For thee, whose healing power, I have prov'd,
 When, grim Death waiting to receive his prey,
 Thy Skill and Care the dire Disease remov'd,
 And snatch'd me from the yawning grave away;

Could any punishment be found too great,
 If to a Patient trusting to thy Skill,
 Thou should'st administer a poison sweet,
 To please his taste, and in the end to kill?

Rather than bitter specifics apply,

Which, nauseous to the palate, still may cure,
Lest he, disgusted with the remedy,

Dismiss the Doctor, and the ill endure.

And tell me thou, whose flatt'ring hand has penn'd,

Those high eulogiums of my scanty pow'rs,
Which o'er my mind a pleasing bane extend,
As poison thro' the veins its influence pours.

Is it a crime of less atrocious hue,

Such flatt'ring wreaths around my brow to bind?
And is no punishment the Critick's due,
Who poisons, where he ought to cure, the mind?

If we with Fever, Vanity compare,

Though proper regimen may check the ill,

Yet if the Patients sav'ry viands share,

The Malady of each increases still.

And though I feel those high flown sounds of praise

Were meant to stimulate my future pow'rs,

The fiend-like Vanity thy scroll surveys,

And twines a Gaudy Wreath of Worthless Flow'rs,

Which, placing on my brow, she bids me wear,

While Reason vainly strives to rend her bands;

For ah! when Flatt'ry greets a female ear,

Nerveless and weak, her yielding Reason stands.

Can he be guiltless, who th' Insatiate Flame

Of Female Vanity with food supplies?

Is it no crime, to make a Woman vain?

'Then in your heart her vanity despise?

In 'Thee, on whom if o'er my tortur'd frame

'The fiend Disease should spread her subtle snare,

I should depend, to break her iron chain,

And fearless trust Existence to thy care;

At least I thought to find a Judge sincere;

But where I hop'd Correction to receive,

A string of compliments salutes my ear,

Which Vanity herself could ne'er believe.

And Stranger on Dissimulation's way,

Unskill'd to separate the false and true,

I fear, if I too many thanks should pay,

You might suppose I thought your praise my due.

Since equal pow'r thou own'st the mind to cure,

With that which o'er Disorder all confess,

Let not that Mind more deep Disease endure,

By Flatt'ry dang'rous from its friendly dress;

But Praising Less, should Fortune bless my lays,

(The produce of a soil thy hand has till'd)

Ah, let me crown thee with my Earliest Bays,

Sincere in Judgment, as in Med'cine Skill'd.

STANZAS,

TO A REDBREAST WHICH TOOK SHELTER IN OUR
COTTAGE ON A VERY SEVERE NIGHT.

Sweet Bird! whose dulcet notes have power to cheer

The blasted scene where gloomy Winter reigns;
And sooth the horrors of his dark career,

While Desolation sweeps the dreary plains,

Was it the taper's accidental glare,

That started thee from sleep with sudden light,
Induced thee to my dwelling to repair,

And seek a shelter from th' inclement night?

Or wont to dwell the wildest woods among,

Say, did'st thou here mistrustless wing thy flight,

To ask as recompense for thy soft song,

A transient covert from the blast of night?

Thou art a Pris'ner now; but rising day

Shall to the fields, and Liberty restore;

So thou, at twilight, chant thy vesper lay,

Thy food the crumbs I scatter round my door.

Alas! poor Bird! in Life's advancing day,

Like thee the child of Innocence and Truth,

Such is the glare, which Pleasure's meteor ray,

Emits to lure th' incautious steps of Youth.

Who left at large without a guide to roam,
 Passes Life's treach'rous path in mental night;
 'Till distant seen from Fashion's crowded dome,
 Her blazing torch throws round its dazzling light:

Eager he enters with the mingled throng,
 The splendid Hall by Vice and Folly pac'd,
 Then finds too late the erring crowd among,
 The path of Honour cannot be retrac'd.

On him, like thee, has clos'd the heavy door;
 O'er the chang'd scene tumultuous horror reigns,
 Joy's variegated lamps are seen no more;
 And dark Repentance loads her prey with chains.

Yet thine, poor Bird ! is sure a milder fate,
For thou shalt soon thy liberty regain ;
Nor shall Repentance, on thy flight, await ;
To give thy sorrows past, an added pain.

Then here, sweet warbler, of the plaintive song,
In shelter rest, safe from the Tempest's rage ;
For I, like thee, have dwelt the woods among,
Like thee, a stranger on Life's busy stage.

And if 'mid ruthless Winter's cheerless reign,
Thou feel'st too coldly blow his chilling wind,
Ah ! seek, sweet Bird, my lowly home again,
Secure a shelter from his blasts to find ;

Though Fashion's mercenary crowd t' allure,
It boasts no pomp of Wealth, no pride of Art,
Those, who like thee, shall seek the Cot obscure,
Shall find the welcome of a Guileless Heart.

STANZAS,

TO MISS A----- C-----N,
ON HER LEAVING BRIGHTON FOR EXMOUTH FOR
CHANGE OF AIR.

While from thy home, thy wand'ring footsteps stray,

Where southern breezes fan the Ocean's tide,

And western Suns diffuse a warmer ray,

To bid once more Health's crimson current glide;

May ev'ry Zephyr on thy fever'd breast,

With tender care, its gentlest influence fling,

May balmy Sleep upon thine eye-lids rest,

And shade thy temples with his feath'ry wing;

May Renovation, o'er thy languid frame,

Her healing balms, of sov'reign virtue, show'r,

'Till Health, exulting, o'er thy cheek again

Scatters her hues, and leads thee to her bow'r:

And gaily bounding thro' each throbbing vein,

Oh! may she shortly, to thy Friends restore

The Maid, whose patient meekness smil'd at pain,

A child of Suff'ring, and Disease no more.

Stranger to thee, still is this heart sincere,

Which Sympathy has taught thy pains to share,

A Stranger o'er them drops a pitying tear,

And, for thy welfare, breathes a fervent pray'r;

And if Augusta! aught that pray'r avail,

Soft Peace shall guide thy steps, where'er they
stray ;

And when Earth's transitory scenes shall fail,

Shall guard thy Spirit, to the Realms of Day.

STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE SEA COAST AT -----
IN SCOTLAND.

Mid these craggs, where rude Solitude dwells,

Mid these rocks where old Ocean's waves roar,

In this Grotto, strewn over with shells,

I will rest, till the tempest is o'er.

O'er these rocks I was oft wont to climb,

Wrapt in awe, while I gaz'd on the scene;

E'en in childhood, I thought it sublime,----

Ah ! my breast was then calm and serene.

O'er your heights, how oft fearless I stray'd

Ye wild cliffs! that frown over the deep;

From your summits, with rapture, survey'd

The low wave lulling Silence to sleep.

Ye bless'd scenes of my Infantine days!

Oft shall Memory paint your lov'd shore,

But some other your wildness shall praise;-----

I shall visit your caverns no more.

Never more, shall Malvina's eyes view

Morning's ray on these waters gleam bright;

Never more, o'er yon hill moist with dew,

View arise the wan Planet of Night.

Ye rude rocks! that have oft been my seat,
While around you the white billows dash'd;
Ye lone Grottos! so oft my retreat,
When above me, the pale lightning flash'd;

When the wind bade your Echos reply,
Oft among you, I roam'd without fear;
In each gale have I breath'd a sad sigh,
Ev'ry billow repaid with a tear.

Thro' yon path, no lorn steps shall now stray,
When the woodland's bespangled with dew;
At the op'ning, or closing of day,
No fond eye, these wild beauties shall view.

Ah! how oft, when the Sun sought the west,
 Have I stray'd, his last beams to behold;
 And how oft, when the Orb sunk to rest,
 Watch'd the waves as they broke ting'd with gold.

As the scene, with sad sorrow recalls,
 The lov'd Parent I've lost, to my mind,
 Reason wipes Regret's tear, ere it falls-----
 Bids me bow to Affliction resign'd.

Whence that sullen note, sad, and profound?
 Ev'ry gale seems the strain to prolong;
 Though each Echo has answer'd the sound,
 Yet it lingers these dark clefts among.

"Tis the Abbey bell warns me away ;

I must quit you, my lov'd native shore ;

And my heart's quicken'd throb, seems to say,

That ' Malvina shall view you no more.'"

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO EXPRESSED SURPRISE AT
 MY RECOLLECTING THE ANNIVERSARY OF A
 DAY WHICH I HAD PASSED HAPPILY
 IN HER SOCIETY.

Her tresses gemm'd with Morning's brightest dews,
 Fair Spring appears, exhaling rich perfumes,
 And, on the path of later Summer, strews
 The gay profusion of her silken blooms.

While roves the vagrant eye, along the plain,
 Where, its soft tint, each op'ning floret lends;
 Mem'ry but indistinctly may retain
 The scene, whose charms, Confusion sweetly blends:

But when stern Winter's ruthless wind has torn,
 From Autumn's fading wreath, each ling'ring flow'r;
 When scarce one Daisy gems the heath forlorn,
 Nor e'en the snow-drop braves his chilling pow'r;

If, on the dreary plain, a single rose
 Should rise, in Summer's vermil beauty dress'd,
 Like that, which, when Morn's golden eyes unclosed,
 Expands, in fragrance, on June's sunny breast;

Mem'ry would fondly oft recall the hour,
 The spot, where its unwonted bloom appear'd;
 While safe transplanted, to some shelter'd bow'r,
 Its later buds, with fost'ring care, are rear'd.

So when, with sportive hand, fair Pleasure strews
 The path of Life, with variegated flow'rs,
 The child of Fortune, unregarding, views
 The thousand blooms, that deck Hope's smiling
 bow'rs.

As yet, my journey o'er Life's heath had been
 In Winter's morning, veil'd with tempests wild;
 'Till late arising, 'mid the darksome scene,
 One peerless rose, my dreary way beguil'd:

The Sun of Friendship, with benignant ray,
 Shed its warm influence on the rising bloom,
 Which lent (though wrap'd in clouds the wintry day)
 To the wild Tempest's breath, its rich perfume.

Thus, has thy kindness ever on me shed

Its lambent ray, which bade to cheer me rise,

When all the gaudy blooms of Hope are dead,

That Hallow'd Rose, whose fragrance never dies.

The hour is past, when first it rose to view;---

Nurs'd on Affection's breast, its charms appear

Bright as the fairest flow'r, whose blushing hue

Tints the gay chaplet of the full-blown year.

And canst thou wonder, that its fragrant charms,

Unblasted by the hand of Time, remain?

For grateful Mem'ry's tear, its leaves embalms,

And consecrates the blossom, to thy name.

STANZAS,

TO THE MIDNIGHT CERES.

Hail darksome Plant! whose rugged form

Sheds no soft fragrance on the air,

But seems design'd to bear,

Adversity's worst storm.

How gay appear, around thee blooming,

Every passing breeze perfuming,

Contrasted with thy sullen hue,

The flow'rs that greet the gayish day;

While, as the Stranger seeks the treasure,

The high priz'd, fragile bud of Pleasure,

His eye, if chance thy form he view,

Disgusted, turns away.

When Day's orb, no longer shining,
 Slumbers on th' Atlantic deep;
And Care, and Toil, their parts resigning,
 Seek the Lethean arms of Sleep;
Then Midnight comes, around her strewing,
 Shades that wrap the mingled bloom,
 That flaunted, on the breast of Noon,
And, with ambrosial tears, thy rude form dewing,
 Wakes, with a Star's soft ray, thy rich perfume.
Her vigil, o'er thy blossom, Taste shall keep;
 While Midnight places on her zone,
Thy op'ning charms, and claims thee as her own;
 And, ere the Sun's first ray,
 Bears thee triumphant, in her car away,
Preeminent, alone.

An emblem just of Night art thou,
 Though stern, like thee, her sombre brow,
 As thine, upon her breast oft blow,

The fairest flowers;
 When Sorrow, worn by daylight long,
 Retires to rest, the dance, the song,
 The social group, to her belong,
 And, as her lamp burns bright and strong,
 Wit, inspir'd by the scene,
 Sheds his soul-enlivening beam,
 To wing the rosy hours.

Genius, like thee, disdains to expand,
 And give his beauties to the day,
 Which shews each feature of Life's darksome scene;
 And gives to view, ten thousand flow'rs,

Which else might die unseen :

Objects opaque, may need the friendly beam

Of Mid-day's sun, their colours to display,

And hail the blaze of Noon;

Gifted with nobler pow'rs,

On wings of light, Immortal Genius soars;

And flings his ray,

Scorning his rival orb of Day,

Athwart the gloom,

Where Darkness, from her ebon tow'r,

Wraps in shades the murky hour.

Taste and her sons, with anxious eyes,

Awake to watch his flight,

And trace his passage through the skies,

In the radiant stream of light,

That glows, amid the deepest gloom, most bright;
And, with its dazzling blaze,
Forms a diadem of flame, whose rays,
With deathless lustre, gild the brow of Night.

So, on the brow of Death, o'er whose dark form,
Pale Horror hov'ring, waves her sable plume,
One brilliant star appears, whose rays illumine
The deep sepulchral gloom ;
And shine, to Faith's expecting eye,
With all the splendour of Eternal Morn,
In Glory, rising from the tomb,
The Star of Immortality.

STANZAS,

TO A SOLEIL BRILLIANT HYACINTH,
THE STEM OF WHICH WAS BROKEN WHEN BLOOMING.

Yet moist with dew, why languid dead,
Droops to the Earth, thy beauteous head ?
No more rich odours do'st thou shed,
Ah ! whither is thy fragrance fled

Poor flow'r ?

The cold North East, with malice fell,
Has never dared, with hideous yell,
Within my shelter to intrude,
And blight thee, with his whirlwind rude,

In my warm bow'r !

Why then, no more in beauty dress'd,
 Do'st thou display thy painted vest ?
 To decorate Spring's youthful breast,
 By ev'ry eye of Taste confess'd

Her fairest flow'r ?

Alas, 'twas Fate, with deadly blow,
 Forbad thy op'ning bloom to glow,
 That snap'd thy stem, and laid thee low,
 That thou might'st by Experience know,

Her ruthless pow'r !

How apt an emblem do I see,
 Of the sad fate which waited me,
 I, sever'd from the Parent Tree,
 Had wither'd, droop'd, and died like thee,

Poor fading flow'r !







THIS ITEM IS DUE on the last

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388

Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

NON-RENEWABLE

ILL/LDL

JUN 18 2001

DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



AA 000 081 706 4

PR
4739
H53A17
1809
v.2

Univer
Sout
Lib